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## MORE RACE BET HYPOCRISY.

The refusal of the Queens County Jockey Club to permit telegraphic news of the Aqueduct races to be sent should seriously cripple the pool-rooms.

If the precedent is followed at the other tracks, as it is intimated it will be, this form of gambling will be hard hit. Mr. Belmont, with a word, will have done more for its suppression than legislative regulation has accomplished, or police raids, or the virtuous action of the Western Union in removing its wires.

Where now will the clerk and the office boy go to "play the races?" Where, indeed, but to the track itself, at which the former facilities for betting will still be provided! Moral motives in this connection need not be discussed. Though the pool-room around the corner may be out of business and it may no longer be possible to run out to place a bet, yet there is no reason to suppose that the bookmakers will not be doing business at the old stand.

What is illegitimate outside will continue to be lawful and proper within the race-track fence. The Jockey Club adds a new complication to the tweedledum-tweedledee of betting hypocrisy, while incidentally swelling the revenue of the regulars by diverting to them the receipts cut off from the pool-rooms.

## BRITAIN IS CONSERVATIVE.

President Roosevelt's inheritance-tax suggestion scares no one in England. They have it there; they have it graduated and they know that it is not dangerous.

The British "estate duty" runs from 1 per cent. on estates of less than $2,500 to 8 per cent. on estates of more than $5,000,000. If Mr. Rockefeller's estate were some day to be "settled" in England and were to be inventoried at $500,000,000, it would pay $40,000,000 in death duties to the crown, thus far reducing general taxation.

The British income tax was 14 pence in the pound the last year of the Boer war. An income of $25,000,000 would that year have paid $1,450,000 to lighten general taxation. And why not? President Roosevelt, by the way, said nothing last Saturday about the income tax.

That which is denounced as wild radicalism in our republic is the plain common sense upon which conservative England has long acted.

They are expecting 45,000 new arrivals at Ellis Island this week. It is useless for immigrants to try to come early and avoid the rush.

## And Still They Come.

By J. Campbell Cory.


## THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"YES," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club, "because it's Holy Week we decided not to play bridge any more until after Easter. We're going to play poker, just as I was telling you the last time I saw you.

"Mrs. Wiseburd—she's the one who first suggested it—has been teaching me a lot about it. Poker seems terribly complicated until somebody sits down with you and tells you, and then you know all about it. It just comes to you like magic. The Kitty isn't a real cat at all. It has something to do with the limit, I think. And do you know the auntie isn't a real person either! At the beginning of the game everybody gives the dealer a counter—only you call them chips—and that's the auntie. All of the funny things about poker is the strange name they have for everything. Now, in bridge when you say 'Grand Slam' everybody knows what you mean, but poker's very, very different.

"When I first heard Mrs. Wiseburd talking about 'sweetening the Kitty' I supposed of course the jackpot was something like a sugar bowl, but it isn't at all. Whenever you have two pairs of Jacks or better, you take all the trumps, and that's a jackpot.

"But you don't name the trump when you begin to play. Mrs. Wiseburd says you must keep that a dead secret. First you deal the cards all around and then everybody puts in a chip—either a red one or a blue one or a white one, I forget which—and if anybody wants to raise you—doesn't that sound cute, 'raising you'?—they put in two chips. And then you throw away the cards you don't need, although that seems very foolish to me, because they only give you as many as you throw away, and you are liable not to get any better cards than the ones you discarded—sometimes not as good, Mrs. Wiseburd says. But anyhow you have to do it.

"And then you look at your hand, and if you haven't made what you expected to make—a royal straight, four of a kind or a flush full on threes—you pass the make, or else your partner goes it alone, or something. That's the only point I'm not absolutely certain about. But I know from what Mrs. Wiseburd says, it's going to be perfectly grand.

"Did I tell you Mrs. Gabalong was back from the sanitarium, where they took her when her nervous system broke down after she had almost won the prize three times hand running? She says for days and days the sanitarium people didn't allow her to speak a word. Poor thing! How she must have suffered."

## HOT GROUNDERS BY BARNES.

NO. 4.—THE RAH-RAH "FIND."

I.

YOUNG CHAUNCEY was a college "find"—a wonder with the bat.
And—so they claim—McGraw spoke thus: "Let's find out where he's at."
"'Tis good!" cried out McGinnity. Young Chauncey grabbed a club
And stood before the veteran, a green and frightened dub.

II.

The ball came gliding o'er the plate, and Chauncey made a swing;
Then thro' the stilly summer air rang out a gladsome "bing!"
Away out yonder flew the ball—the players watched in awe—
It struck the fence a fearsome whack. "Good work!" exclaimed McGraw.

III.

A look of disappointment stole in Chauncey's dreamy eyes;
He gazed about him, right and left, in deeply hurt surprise.
"Perhaps next time," they heard him say. Once more the ball was tossed—
Another "bing!"—it cleared the fence. The outfield cried: "It's lost!"

IV.

"That's great!" McGraw admitted then; but Chauncey, with a sob,
Threw down the stick and blubbered forth: "Oh, keep your horrid job!
You don't appreciate my work—you don't yell 'Zip-boom-ah!'
And not one fellow in the bunch has hollered: 'Rah-rah-rah!'"

V.

The tears were coursing down his cheeks as from the field he strode,
His shoulders drooped as though beneath a most depressing load;
And that is why the greatest star that e'er came down the pike
Now wastes his melancholy days at pink teas and the like.

# The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux, page of the Duc de St. Quentin, comes to Paris to join his master. It is in the year 1593, when Paris is in the hands of the "League," headed by the Duke of Mayenne. Henry, King of Navarre, heir to the throne of France, is besieging the city. St. Quentin, though an avowed friend of Navarre, has ventured into Paris and taken up his headquarters there. Lucas, a secret spy of the League, becomes St. Quentin's secretary with a view to assassinating him. Felix foils the plot and becomes personal attendant on the Duke's estranged son, Comte Etienne de Mar. Mar is in love with Lorance de Montluc, cousin of Mayenne. She writes, asking him to visit her that evening at Mayenne's palace. Mar, owing to a slight wound, cannot go, but sends Felix to explain his absence. Felix goes to Mayenne's, where Mlle. de Montluc speaks slightingly of Mar. Felix defends his master's honor and is dragged to the oratory of the palace to be whipped for his impertinence.

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### CHAPTER XIV.

#### In the Oratory.

"MY faith! no, I should kill him if I did, and the duke wants him," Pierre retorted. So without more ado the two men tied my wrists in front of me, and Jean held me by the knot while Pierre laid on. And he, good fellow, grasping my collar, contrived to pull my loose jerkin away from my back, so that he dusted it down without greatly incommoding me. Some hard whacks I did get, but they were nothing to what a strong man could have given in grim earnest.

I trust I could have taken a real flogging with as close lips as anybody, but if my kind succorer wanted howls, howls he should have. I yelled and cowered and dodged about, to the roaring delight of Jean and his mate. Indeed, I had drawn a crowd of grinning varlets to the door before my performance was over. But at length, when I thought I had done enough for their pleasure and that of the nobles in the salon, I dropped down on the floor and lay quiet with shut eyes.

"He has had his fill, I trow; we must not spoil him for the master," Pierre said.

"Oh, he'll come to in a minute," another answered. "Why, you have not even drawn blood, Pierre!" He laid his hand on my back, whereat I groaned my hollowest.

"It will be many a day before he cares to have his back touched," laughed Pierre. "Here, man, lend a hand. Pardieu! I wonder what Our Lady thinks of some of the devotees we bring her?"

As they lifted me he took my hand with an inquiring squeeze; and I squeezed back, grateful if ever a boy was. They flung me down on the oratory floor and left me there a prisoner.

I spent the next hour or so trying to undo the knot of my handcuff with my teeth, and failing that, to chew the stout rope in two. I was minded as I worked of Lucas and his bonds, and wondered whether he had managed to rid himself of their inconvenience. He went straightway, doubtless, to some confederate who cut them for him, and even now was planning fresh evil against the St. Quentins. I remembered his face as he cried to M. le Comte that they should meet again; and I thought that M. Etienne was likely to have his hands full with Lucas, without this unlucky tanglement with Mlle. de Montluc. In the darkness and solitude I called down a murrain on his folly. Why could he not leave the girl alone? There were other blue eyes in the world. And it would be hard on humanity if there were none kindlier.

He had been at it three years too. For three long years this girl's fair face had stood between him and his home, between him and action, between him and happiness. It was a fair face, truly, yet, in my opinion, neither it nor any maid's was worth such pains. If she had loved him it had not been worth it, but this girl spurned and flouted him. Why, in the name of heaven, could he not put the jade out of his mind and turn merrily to St. Denis and the road to glory? When I got back to him and told him how she had mocked him, hang me but he should, though!

Ah, but when was I to get back to him? That rested not with me but with my dangerous host, the League's Lieutenant-General, dark-minded Mayenne. What he wanted with me he had not revealed; nor was it a pleasant subject for speculation. He meant me, of course, to tell him all I knew of the St. Quentins; well, that was soon done; belike he understood more than I of the day's work. But after he had questioned me, what?

Would he consider with his servant, Pierre, that I had never done him any harm? Or would he—I wondered if they flung me out stark into some alley's gutter whether M. le Comte would search for me and claim my carcass? Or would he too have fallen by the blades of the League?

I was shuddering as I waited there in the darkness. Never, not even this morning in the closet of the Rue Coupejarrets, had I been in such mortal dread. I had walked out of that closet to find [illegible] but I was not likely to happen on succor here. Pierre, for all his kind heart, could not save me from the Duke of Mayenne.

Then when my hope was at its nadir I remembered who was with me in the little room. I groped my way to Our Lady's feet and prayed her to save me, and if she might not, then to stand by me during the hard moment of dying and receive my seeking soul. Comforted now and deeming I could pass, if it came to that, with a steady face, I laid me down, my head on the prie-dieu cushion, and presently went to sleep.

I was waked by a light in my face, and, all a-quiver, sprang up to meet my doom. But it was not the duke nor any of his hirelings who bent over me, candle in hand; it was Mlle. de Montluc.

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" she cried pitifully. "I could not save you the flogging; on my honor I could not. It would have availed you nothing had I pleaded for you on my bended knees."

With bewilderment I observed that the tears were brimming over her lashes and splashing down into the candle flame. I stared, too confused for speech, while she, putting down the shaking candlestick on the altar, as she crossed herself, covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

"Mademoiselle," I stammered, "it is not worth mademoiselle's tears! The man Pierre he told me to scream, so they would think he was half slaying me. But in truth he did not strike very hard. He did not hurt so much."

She struggled to check the rising tempest of her tears, and presently dropped her hands and looked at me earnestly from out her shining wet eyes.

"Is that true? Are you not flayed?" And to make sure she laid her hand delicately on my back.

"They have whacked your coat to ribbons, but, thank St. Genevieve, they have not brought the blood. I saw a man flogged once"—— She shut her eyes, shuddering, and her mouth quivered anew.

"But I am not much hurt, mademoiselle," I answered her.

She took out her film of a handkerchief to wipe her wet cheeks, her hand still trembling. I could think of nothing but to repeat:

"I am not in the least hurt, mademoiselle."

"Ah, but if they have spared you the flogging to take your life!" she breathed.

It was not a heartening suggestion. To my astonishment suddenly I found myself, frightened victim, striving to comfort this noblewoman for my death.

I Was Waked by a Light in My Face.

"Nay, I am not afraid. Since mademoiselle weeps over me I can die happily."

She sprang toward me as if to protect me with her body from some menacing thrust.

"They shall not kill you!" she cried, her eyes flashing blue fire. "They shall not! Mon dieu! is Lorance de Montluc so feeble a thing that she cannot save a serving boy?"

She fell back a pace, pressing her hands to her temples as if to stifle their throbbing.

"It was my fault," she cried—"it was all my fault. It was my vanity and silliness brought you to this. I should never have written that letter—a three years' child would have known better. But I had not seen M. de Mar for five weeks—I did not know, what I readily guess now, that he had taken sides against us. M. de Lorraine played on my pique."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "the worst has not followed, since M. Etienne did not come himself."

"You are glad for that?"

"Why, of course, mademoiselle. Was it not a trap for him?"

She caught her breath as if in pain.

"I knew that as soon as I saw that my cousin Mayenne was not angry. When I told what I had done and he smiled at me and said I should have my gloves, why, then I thought my heart would stop beating. I saw what I had accomplished—mon Dieu, I was sick with repentance of it!"

I had to tell her I had not thought it.

"No," she answered; "I had got you into this by my foolhanness; I must needs try to get you out by my wits. Brie, the one who took you by the throat—there has been bad blood between him and your lord this twelvemonth; only last May M. le Comte ran him through the wrist. Had I interfered for you," she said, coloring a little, "M. de Brie would have inferred interest in the matter from that in the man, and he had seen to your beating himself."

It suddenly dawned on me that this M. de Brie was the "little cheese" of guard-room gossip. And I thought that the gentleman would hardly display so much venom against M. Etienne unless he were a serious obstacle to his hopes. Nor would mademoiselle be here at midnight, weeping over a serving lad, if she cared nothing for the master. If she had not worn her heart on her sleeve before the laughing salon mayhap she would show it to me.

"Mademoiselle," I cried, "when the billet was brought him M. Etienne rose from his bed at once to come. But he was faint from fatigue and loss of blood; he could not walk across the room. But he bade me try to make mademoiselle believe his absence was no fault of his. He wrote her a month ago; he found to-day the letter was never delivered."

"Is he hurt dangerously?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly; "no, I think not. He was wounded in the right forearm and again pinked in the shoulder; but he will recover."

"You said," she went on, the tears standing in her eyes, "that he was penniless. I have not much, but what I have is freely his."

She advanced upon me, holding out her silken purse which she had taken from her bosom; but I retreated.

"No, no, mademoiselle," I cried, ashamed of my hot words; "we are not penniless—or if we are we get on very well sans le sou. They do everything for monsieur at the Trois Lanternes, and he has only to return to the Hotel St. Quentin to get all the gold pieces he can spend. Oh, no; we are in no want, mademoiselle. I was angry when I said it; I did not mean it. I cry mademoiselle's pardon."

She looked at me a little hesitatingly.

"You are telling me true?"

"Why, yes, mademoiselle; if my monsieur needed money, indeed, indeed, I would not refuse it."

"Then if you cannot take it for him you can take it for yourself. It will be strange if in all Paris you cannot find something you like as a token from me." With her own white fingers she slipped some tinkling coins into my pouch and cut short my thanks with the little wailing cry:

"Oh, your poor, bound hands! I have my pon-lard in my dress. I could free them in a second. But if they knew I had been here with you they never will let you go."

"If mademoiselle is running into danger staying here I pray her to go back to bed. M. Etienne did not send me hither to bring her grief and trouble."

"Who are you?" she asked me abruptly. "You have never been here before on monsieur's errands?"

"No, mademoiselle; I came up only yesterday from Picardie. I belong on the St. Quentin estate. My name is Felix Broux."

"Alack, you have chosen a bad time to visit Paris!"

"I came up to see life," I said, "and mordieu! I am seeing it."

"I pray God you may not see death too," she answered soberly.

She stood looking at me helplessly.

"I am in my lord's black books," she said slowly as if to herself; "but I might weep Francois de Brie's rough heart to softness. Then it is a question whether he could turn Mayenne. I wish I knew whether the duke himself or only Paul de Lorraine has planned this move to-night. That is," she added, blushing, but speaking out candidly, "whether they attack M. de Mar as the League's enemy or as my lover."

"This M. Paul de Lorraine," said I, speaking as respectfully as I knew how, but eager to find out all I could for M. Etienne—"this M. de Lorraine is mademoiselle's lover too?"

She shrugged her shoulders, neither assenting nor denying. "We are all pawns in the game for M. de Mayenne to push about as he chooses. For a time M. de Mar was high in his favor. Then my cousin Paul came back after a two years' disappearance, and straightway he was up and M. de Mar was down. And then Paul vanished again as he had come, and it became the turn suddenly as he had left and at once played on me to write that unlucky letter. And what it bodes for him I know not."

She spoke with amazing frankness; yet, much as she had told me, the fact of her telling it told me even more. I saw that she was as lonely in this great house as I had been at St. Quentin. She would have talked delightedly to M. le Comte's dog.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I would like well to tell you what has been happening to my M. Etienne this last month if you are not afraid to stay long enough to hear it."

"Oh, every one is asleep long ago; it is past 2 o'clock. Yes, you may tell me if you wish."

She sat down on a praying cushion, motioning me to the other, and I began my tale. At first she listened with a little air of languor, as if the whole were of slight consequence and she really did not care at all what M. le Comte had been about these five weeks. But as I got into the affair of the Rue Coupejarrets she forgot her indifference and leaned forward with burning cheeks, hanging on my words with eager questions. And when I told her how Lucas had evaded us in the darkness she cried:

"Blessed Virgin! M. de Mar has enough to contend with in this Lucas without Paul de Lorraine and Brie and the Duke of Mayenne himself."

I was silent, being of her opinion. Presently she asked reluctantly:

"Does your master think this Lucas a tool of M. de Mayenne's?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. He says secretaries do not plot against dukedoms for their own pleasure."

"Assassination was not wont to be my cousin Mayenne's way," she said with an accent of confidence that rang as false as a counterfeit coin. I saw well enough that mademoiselle did fear at least Mayenne's guilt. I thought I might tell her a little more.

"M. le Comte told me that since his father's coming to Paris M. de Mayenne made him offers to join the League, and he refused them. So then M. de Mayenne, seeing himself losing the whole house of St. Quentin, invented this."

"But it failed. Thank God, it failed! And now he will leave Paris. He will—he must!"

"He did mean to seek Navarre's camp to-morrow," I answered; "but"——

"But what?"

"But then the letter came."

"But that makes no difference! He must go for all that. The time is over for trimming. He must stand on one side or the other. I am a Liguesue born and bred, and I tell him to go to King Henry. It is his father's side; it is his side. He cannot stay in Paris another day."

"I do not think he will go, mademoiselle."

"But he must!" she cried with vehemence. "Paris is not safe for him. If he cannot stand for his wound he must go. I will send him a letter myself to tell him he must."

"Then he will never go."

"Felix!"

"He will not. He was going because he thought his lady flouted him; when he finds she does not—well, if he budges a step out of Paris I do not know him. When he thought himself despised"—

"And why did I turn his suit into laughter in the salon if I did not mean that I despised him? I did it for you to tell him how I made a mock of him, that he might hate me and keep away from me."

"Oh," I said, "mademoiselle is beyond me; I cannot keep up with her."

"And you believed it! But you must needs spoil all by flaring out with impudent speech."

(To Be Continued.)